

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 956.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1877.

VOL. XXXVII. No. 18.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Critical Contribution to Beethoven Literature.

Read before the Schiller-Union in Trieste, by ALEXANDER W. THAYER.

(Continued from Page 131.)

That Beethoven, through nearly all his life, had to contend with abject poverty, is a notion so universally spread by the novelists and story-tellers, that it may serve a double purpose to introduce here a paragraph upon his real pecuniary condition, in this Spring of 1823.

His debts amounted to about 7,000 gulden.* One of them was 400 gulden received in advance from the great Vienna Musical Society for an Oratorio, not yet written, and a second was of 3,000 to the music publishers, Steiner & Co., being moneys advanced to him at sundry times for compositions yet to be delivered for publication. This was the only oppressive debt; and it was so, because he neither delivered manuscripts nor would bind himself to make them his sole publishers.

He had only himself and his nephew to support; he received in semi-annual payments an annuity of 1850 gulden in silver; and was possessor of seven bank shares of 1,000 gulden each.

On the 25th July, 1822, he wrote to his brother:

"I am to receive 1,000 gulden silver, for the Mass, from Peters, who also will take other minor works. Breitkopf & Härtel have also sent the Saxon Charge d'Affaires to me to propose for works; also from Paris I have received orders for works; also from Diabelli in Vienna. In short they are all agog for works of mine. What an unlucky lucky fellow am I!!! This Berliner has also applied."

From other letters to Johann we learn that he had for sale manuscripts, which he valued at about 200 ducats. Not to mention Oratorios (three orders)—which he did not compose for want of texts that pleased him—and Masses (two orders),—he had at this moment orders for the following important works which would have been paid in cash:—Music to the Tragedy "Faust," similar to that composed to "Egmont" (Breitkopf & Härtel); Symphonies and Overtures for the Philharmonic Society in London; and an Overture to William Gardiner's Oratorio "Judah," (100 guineas gold).

Schindler says, that the debt to Steiner & Co. was only 800 gulden; but Beethoven himself says "about 3,000 gulden." Which is right, is of little import. In fact, it was settled by parting with one or two of his bankshares.

Now, Schindler and his copyists are in a rage with Johann v. Beethoven, because in this case he decidedly refused either to lend his brother the money or make himself responsible for the debt. Well; if a poor apothecary, in a small provincial town, could acquire such wealth, in four years, as to enable him to own a house and shop, in Urfahr, and a valuable es-

* A gulden then was about half a dollar.

tate in the country, and live as a gentleman upon his income—perhaps they are right; but every one, who has the least knowledge of business matters, knows that such speculations, even if in the end fortunate, must for years keep a man short of ready money. And such was the fact in Johann's case.

Soon after his return to Vienna he had lent Ludwig 200 gulden; I cannot see that he, on this account, was bound to encumber his business and estates with new debt, just to save his brother's bank-shares! As to the later pecuniary relations between the brothers, the sale of compositions and the like, much might be said against the representations of Schindler and other writers. I think it is sufficiently proved, that the charges against Johann v. Beethoven, on the two points, the officious meddling in his brother's affairs, and the living together in the city, rest upon a very slender foundation. How was it with regard to spending the summers together in Wasserhof?

In ascending the Danube from Vienna, one sees just before reaching Krems, to the right, on the high ground, beautifully placed, with a noble view over the valley of the river to the convent Gottweih and the high mountains in the background, the spacious house, in which—as Johann wrote at the time—ten rooms were unoccupied, and at the disposal of summer lodgers.

In those days, there was no end to Beethoven's book of Lamentations on the subjects of his poverty, his time-wasting duties to Archduke Rudolph, and the continual interruptions of his studies by the visits of strangers, who desired to see and speak with him. Under these circumstances Johann, in the Spring of 1823, offered his brother—whether free *this* year I don't know—a summer lodging in Wasserhof, and urged him to take it, not merely to save him expense, but also to give him the opportunity of working undisturbed upon the bespoken compositions. I doubt if Beethoven under any circumstances could have been induced to pass a summer fifty miles (English) from Vienna; but, unhappily, there was a reason why this offer of his brother could not be favorably received, namely: during a severe sickness, that had not long before confined Johann to his bed, his wife had exhibited a heartlessness and even immorality, which had embittered Ludwig in the highest degree, and justified his words then written in a conversation book: "He (Johann) is constantly urging me to join his family—*non possibile per me.*"

So instead of spending the Summer in Wasserhof, he went into a lodging in Hetzendorf [hard by Schönbrunn], for which he paid 400 gulden in advance, remained there about eight weeks, and then removed with bag and baggage to Baden, because Baron Pronay, owner of the Hetzendorf villa, was *too polite* to him. At the lowest, the costs of lodgings this summer, including the removal to Baden, were more than

600 gulden.—On his return to the city, he of course abandoned the apartments in Obermayer's house, and took others in the suburb Landstrasse.

In the meantime, Johann, indignant at the foul conduct of his wife, acted energetically, and, aided by the proper authorities, made himself master in his own house. So far as I have been able to learn, from this time she was thoroughly tamed, and no serious difficulties arose between them, down to her death, six years afterwards.

And so we come down to the summer of 1824. Beethoven had composed during the interval 33 Variations upon a Waltz, and the last movement of the 9th Symphony; but not one of the bespoken works. As he had profited little, either from the sale of manuscripts or from the two concerts in May of this year, his pecuniary condition was still worse than the year before.

Just now a new and excellent opportunity was offered him to gain money, if not fame.

The receipts of the Imperial Opera had not covered the costs of producing Weber's "Eury-anthe," and Director Duport declared himself ready to grant Beethoven his own terms for the composition of an opera. Grillparzer's text "Melusine" was in the hands of the composer,* who had often said to the poet—as the latter told me—"The music is already finished," (i. e., in his mind.)

There was also a weighty reason more this year than the last for spending a few months away from Vienna. Johann was in Vienna at the May concerts, and again proposed his passing the summer in Wasserhof. This proposition may be still read in a conversation-book. Ludwig, Johann and the nephew Carl are together. He of course spoke; the others wrote, and therefore only their part of the talk is preserved. They talk of course upon divers matters, and I copy only what is to our present purpose.

JOHANN.—"My wife has given up our marriage contract, and given such bonds, that upon the very first improper acquaintance, that she again makes, I can instantly turn her out of the house."

LUDWIG probably asked: "Why not do so at once?" for Johann continues: "I cannot do that; for how do I know what misfortune may happen to me!"

Afterward, Carl takes the pencil, and writes: "The Brother makes you this proposition, namely, to pass the four months on his estate. You will have there four or five rooms, very handsome, large and lofty. Everything is well, arranged. Fowls, oxen, cows, horses, etc., you will find there. As to the wife, she will be to you only the hostess, and will not interfere with you. It is a beautiful country, and it will not cost you a heller. There is a housekeeper there; water impregnated with iron; a separate bath-room, etc. If you will not accept the offer, he will let five rooms, and advertise them in the newspapers."

* Johann had advised his brother the year before to spend the summer in Wasserhof, and compose the "Melusine." But at that time the negotiations between Poet, Composer, and Director were not yet concluded.

Again to some remark of Beethoven:

CARL.—"That business is ended. You will hardly ever see his wife. She has charge of the domestic matters and is busily employed. All the more now because she is thoroughly tamed. Besides, she has promised to behave herself properly."

Other matters follow, until at length Johann resumes the pencil and writes: "It seems to me that you will not come, just because it will cost you nothing. Who, then, shall see to the family! Who shall bear with our whims and caprices?"

In another book Carl writes that Johann has often declared: "His brother can have everything free in Gneixendorf."

But Beethoven went to a lodging in Penzing, where his brother visited him and wrote: "If you are not satisfied here in the country, I will take you with me. Then you will no longer be plagued with your servants, at least for this summer."

That Beethoven, although he had again paid 400 gulden in advance, removed at the end of three weeks again to Baden, because of the offense it gave him to have people assemble on the bridge before his windows to get a look at him, so that his summer lodgings also this year cost him more than 600 gulden—all this can be read in Schindler. Not one of the bespoken works before named was ever composed. Of course his pecuniary condition was continually growing worse, and yet Johann's renewed invitation in 1825 was rejected in these energetic terms:

"As to your wish to see me with you, I have long since declared myself. I request you not to drop another word on this subject, for you will find me in this, now as ever, immovable."

And so the matter rested.

Perhaps no one knows the faults and weaknesses of Johann v. Beethoven better than I; and yet—though originally in the highest degree prejudiced against him by Schindler—I have not found it possible to interpret these invitations to his disadvantage. Notwithstanding all that has been written against him, he was of kindly disposition, good natured and a great admirer of his brother's talents.

The most voluminous of the writers* upon Beethoven cherishes the opinions of the novelists, namely, that avarice and covetousness were not only the ruling, but almost the only motives of Johann's action whenever he had anything to do with Ludwig's affairs; and this author has with extraordinary diligence brought together and printed every thing possible, that can support these opinions and gain them general acceptance. But whether this writer is to be received as a decisive authority, on points relating to Johann v. Beethoven, is still questionable. At all events his views and mine are very different.

For instance, in one of his publications, we read concerning Johann's marriage: "After Brother Johann purchased the estate, Gneixendorf near Krems, he devoted himself to agriculture and lived there with a housekeeper. Beethoven, to whom this improper connection was extremely vexatious, forced him by the most cogent representations to marry the person. (!) Afterwards it came out that she already had a well-grown daughter living."

In another of his writings this author gives his readers the following, relating to Johann and this illegitimate daughter:

* Ludwig Nohl,

"Yes, so great was this wretched avarice, (i.e. Johann's,) that, after the death of his wife, he could even marry her notorious daughter,—of whom no one knew better than he, that she was even more immoral than her mother—that he might retain possession of her property."

Against this false, cold-blooded, needless, abominable slander of the poor girl, I simply quote these two official notices:

"Frau Therese v. Beethoven died on the 20th November, 1828, in Wasserhof, Gneixendorf."

"Amalie Waldmann, called v. Beethoven, was, on the 11th February, 1830, married to the I. R. registered Appraiser of Woods and Forests, Herr Carl Stolzle."

In a third publication he attacks poor Johann again thus: "His out and out shameless avarice is proved, not to mention numberless minor instances, by one fact [fact!]: that he had so invested his entire property, as to gradually spend the whole of it upon himself, so that nothing remained for his heirs."

Johann died January 12, 1848, in the Vienna suburb, Josephstadt. Now, what say certain documents in the local registry? In one we read:

"I name my nephew Carl v. Beethoven as my universal heir."

JOHANN V. BEETHOVEN.

Vienna, 8 January, 1848.

We learn from a second, that the heritage, after deducting all expenses, taxes, fees, etc., together with a legacy to his housekeeper, Therese Gotschalk, amounted to 42,128 gulden and 3 kreuzers!

In each of these cases the name of a respectable elderly woman is given as his authority. Perhaps a misunderstanding or a lapse of memory may in these cases also have caused his errors, as, once, where he wrote: "First it is certain, and indeed through the parish Register which A. B. has seen in Vienna, that Julia Guicciardi already in 1801 married Count Galenberg." There is not a word of truth in this, and it was *bond fide* written, and the errors are nothing but misunderstanding or lapses of memory.

What is and ever will remain utterly inexcusable in such cases, as these of Johann v. Beethoven, is the carelessness, the criminal negligence, with which such often incredible and monstrous assertions are published as facts, without previously obtaining—what is free to every one and costs but little trouble—their official confirmation.

Therefore I find no occasion to abandon my views of Johann v. Beethoven for those of the Beethoven-biographer referred to.

In the first edition of Schindler's Biography of Beethoven we find certain notices, which for 38 years have been adopted without examination in all sorts of, and innumerable, novelistic and biographic writings upon the composer.

But first a word of introduction.

It was near the end of July—not August—1826, that Beethoven's nephew, then a youth of 19 years, made an unsuccessful attempt, near Baden, upon his own life. He was discovered, transported to Vienna, after a few days arrested by the police as a criminal, and—as the hospital register shows—on the 7th

August, placed in that institution. The Police took him out as cured, on the 25th September, and detained him in arrest. "The delivery of the prisoner" says Schindler, "into the hands of his two guardians [Beethoven and Stephen von Breuning] followed with the express order from the police authorities, not to allow him to remain over a single day in Vienna."

Imagine Beethoven's embarrassment.

Now appeared Johann with his carriage in Vienna. The time was approaching for his return for the winter to the Capital; he, however, took his brother and nephew back with him to his estate, to keep them there, until Breuning—who was Hofrath in the Ministry of War—should succeed in finding a place for the nephew as a cadet in some regiment. This proved a tedious matter, and near the close of November they were still in Wasserhof.

We read everywhere the well deserved praise of Beethoven for this great sacrifice to the welfare of his nephew. Was it, however, no sacrifice on the part of Johann and his wife, to remain there until almost winter, far from the comforts and pleasures of Vienna life, in a house fitted up only for a summer residence? This seems never to have occurred to Schindler and his copyists. Our authorities on this Gneixendorf episode are: Beethoven's utterances to Schindler, as he printed them a dozen years later, and like utterances to Dr. Wawruch written out after six months' interval; a few pages in conversation books, which escaped Schindler's destructive hand; several letters written by Beethoven from Gneixendorf; and an article in the *Deutsche Musik Zeitung*, of which the draft was subjected to my criticism, and which, in consequence of questions and hints from me, took the form in which it is now printed. In this article, we find the reminiscences of Michael Kreu, who, as he states, "was hired by the Frau Proprietress for the service of the composer."

Now to the passage in question of Schindler's book.

He misdates the departure from Vienna for Gneixendorf, as at the end of October, and after a few sentences, continues:

"The roughness of the weather, and moreover, the incredible want of consideration which Beethoven had to bear from his nephew, and his other relations there, forced him to withdraw from that place and return to Vienna. This journey, which in that advanced season could not be made in one day, was taken in an open waggon, because, as Beethoven himself assured me, his brother refused to trust him with his coach."

* "On the 2d of December, Beethoven, with his nephew, returned sick to Vienna, but it was not till several days after that I heard of his situation, or even of his arrival. I hastened to him, and, among other details, which shocked me much, learned that he had often in vain entreated his two former physicians, Drs. Braunhofer and Standenheim, to undertake his case; the first declining to do so, because the distance was too great for him to come; and the second, indeed, promising to come, but not keeping his word. A physician was sent to his house, he did not know who, or by whom, and who consequently, knew nothing of him or his constitution. When, however, this physician (the excellent Dr. Wawruch, clinical professor) visited Beetho-

* We cite here from the Moscheles Translation of Schindler. Vol. II., 58—59.

ven's sick-bed, I heard from his own mouth how it happened, and it affords an additional proof that this man, belonging to the world and to posterity, was abandoned by his nearest relations, who had so much cause to be grateful to him; not merely abandoned, indeed, but betrayed and sold. Prof. Wawruch related to me that he had been sent to Beethoven by the marker at a billiard table at a coffee house, who being, on account of illness, brought to the hospital, had mentioned that, some days before, the nephew of Beethoven had come to the coffee house, where he played at billiards, and commissioned him, the marker, to find a physician for his sick uncle; but being extremely unwell at the time he had not been able to do so, and therefore begged the Professor to visit Beethoven, which, entertaining the highest respect for the artist, he had immediately done, and had on his arrival still found him without medical attendance. It was necessary, then, for the marker of a billiard table to fall sick and be taken to the hospital, before the great Beethoven could obtain help in time of need!!

Thus Schindler—shocking indeed, if all this be true! How long, do you think, judging from this account, lay the sick man thus without help? Fourteen days? Ten days? Luckily the exact time can be given. He arrived Saturday evening, Sunday and Monday he vainly expected Braunhofer and Standenheim, and Tuesday afternoon came Wawruch!

Wawruch himself writes: "Not until the third day was I called." Now Schindler not only had had Wawruch's article on Beethoven's sickness in his hands, but had made it the subject of one of his own; and yet in the revision of his book he left this passage without correction.

If we add to this, that Schindler errs a whole month in the date of the journey to Gneixendorf, thus reducing the stay there from nine weeks to four, we see that we have here a memory before us, which we cannot fully trust.

Again Dr. Wawruch writes in regard to the home journey: "Frightened at the dismal prospect into the gloomy future, in case he should fall sick and helpless in the country, he longed to be back in Vienna, and took for the homeward journey, to use his own jovial expression, 'that wretchedest vehicle of the devil, a milk waggon.'"

And this—according to the passage above cited from Schindler—because Johann denied him his close coach.

Now, we have seen that he (Johann) was still in the country simply on account of his nephew; moreover, we learn from the conversation books, that this long stay had exhausted his ready money, and that he was only awaiting a remittance to return to the city. Had Beethoven consented to remain a few days longer, all three would have returned, as they came, together. And in fact, Johann, though now no reason for haste remained, did reach Vienna on the 10th of December, only eight days after his brother. If under these circumstances Johann refused the coach, it really cannot be viewed as a great crime against Ludwig.

But in the revised form of Schindler's book [Edition 1860] this charge assumes a very different aspect. These are his words: "As if to fill the measure of his heartlessness to overflowing, the pseudo-brother refused his close coach to take him to the near Krems, and the short ride had to be made in an open calash. The consequence was an inflammation of the bowels of great violence from the first attack."

A drive of hardly half an hour; and such consequences? Believe it who can?

What says Wawruch?—"December was rough, wet and frosty; Beethoven's clothing not at all

suitable to the season; but a feeling of restlessness, a gloomy presentiment of ill, hastened him away. He was compelled to pass the night in a village inn, where he found under the wretched roof only a chamber without fire or double windows. Towards midnight he felt the first attack of fever-frost and a dry, short cough, accompanied by great thirst and sharp pain in the side. As soon as he felt the fever-heat, he drank a large quantity of ice-cold water, and, in his helpless condition, longed for the first glimmerings of day. Weak and sick, he had himself conveyed to the vehicle, and so came at last feeble and exhausted to Vienna. Not till the third day was I called," etc.

Thirdly: It is unfortunate, that this refusal of the close coach is the only example given by Schindler of that "incredible want of consideration" on the part of Johann, of which he speaks: we therefore lack a standard by which to judge of the reported utterances of Beethoven in his diseased and excited condition.

It is obvious, however, that in a family composed of such heterogeneous elements, as that in Wasserhof, nothing but the most careful mutual forbearance could preserve peace. Until well into November, Beethoven, at all events, appears to have been contented and indeed in excellent spirits; that is seen in his letters. But at last came a breach between him and his sister-in-law. Let us hear what Michael Kreu has to say upon it, copying it in the form in which it is given in the article: "Beethoven in Gneixendorf." These reminiscences begin with a few interesting notices of the Master's habits and oddities; for example:

"At first the cook had to make Beethoven's bed. One day he was sitting at the table, tossing his hands about, beating time with his feet, and singing or growling to it. The cook burst out laughing; as Beethoven happened at the moment to look round he saw her, and instantly drove her out of the room. Michael was running out with her, but Beethoven drew him back, gave him three twenty-kreuzer pieces, told him not to be afraid, and added, that he must for the future make his bed and keep the room in order. . . . Michael had to go up to him very early, but generally had to knock a long time, before Beethoven opened the door. He usually rose at half-past five, seated himself at his table, and began to write, singing and growling and beating time with hands and feet. At first, Michael used to creep out of the room, when he could not keep from laughing, but by degrees he became accustomed to it.

At half past seven the family breakfasted together; after which Beethoven always went out walking, loitering about the fields, shouting, tossing his hands, now moving very slowly, then again rapidly, or stopping suddenly and writing in a sort of pocket-book. After reaching home one day, he noticed that he had lost this book. 'Michael,' said he, 'run and hunt for my manuscript, I must have it at any cost.' It was found.

At half past twelve he came home to dinner, and afterwards retired to his room until about three o'clock, and then went wandering again through the fields until about sunset, after which he rarely went out again. At half past seven was supper; then he retired to his room, wrote until ten o'clock, and went to bed. Sometimes he played the piano-forte; the instrument, however, was not in his chamber, but in the hall. His chamber, which nobody but Michael was allowed to enter, was a corner one, towards the garden and court. While Beethoven was taking his morning walk, Michael must put the room in order. He found money several times lying on the floor; and when he returned it, Beethoven would ask, where he found it? And Michael

must show him the exact spot, where it was found, and then it was given him as a present. This happened three or four times [obviously to try Michael's honesty]; thenceforward he found no more."

[Conclusion next time.]

Music in Leipzig.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Oct. 26th, 1877.—An interesting musical event was the representation of Franz von Holstein's romantic opera, *Die Hochländer*, on the 23d inst. The composer, who is connected by marriage with one of the oldest and wealthiest families of this city, is personally well known, and to this fact, in part at least, must be ascribed the extraordinary enthusiasm which accompanied its presentation; the opera has, however, such genuine merits, is so intensely dramatically conceived, and the purely lyrical moments are so many and so happily written, that it would be difficult to suppose its being otherwise than successful whenever represented. The performance was, in every respect, an excellent one. The Gewandhaus orchestra, which is also the orchestra of the opera-house, only under a different leader, Sucher, instead of Reinecke, was, of course, very good, as was also the chorus, largely augmented for the occasion. The several artists taking part all sang and played as if inspired. The composer was repeatedly called. *Oberon* and *Martha* were the operas that preceded and followed *Die Hochländer* during the week.

On the 21st inst., the Florentine Quartette had its second concert, the programme being:

Schubert, A minor, Op. 29.
Schumann, A major, Op. 41, No. 3.
Beethoven, F major, Op. 80, No. 1.

The same degree of perfection which marked their productions of last week also characterized these. The violoncellist, who had particular opportunities in the slow movement of the Beethoven quartet, produced such ideal tones as the undersigned, at least, never before heard.

The audience could not have been more appreciative, and certainly it could not have been more select and exclusive, composed as it was largely of kings and princes in the world of art. The third and last concert takes place next Sunday evening, in which the daughter of Jean Becker, the originator and leader of the quartette, will play the piano part of a quartette written by Bungert.

The programme of the Gewandhaus Concert, on Thursday evening, was as follows:

Mozart, Overture to Figaro's Marriage.
Rossini, Aria from Barber of Seville.
Hoffmann, Concerto for Violoncello.
Hiller, Symphony, C Major (manuscript).
Dietrich, Romance for Violoncello.
Rubinstein, }
Taubert, } Songs.
Jensen, }
Schumann, Overture "Genoveva."

Ferdinand Hiller personally conducted his new symphony. The applause and orchestral flourish that greeted him as he stepped to the conductor's stand are proof of the esteem and respect with which he is regarded here. Both are well-deserved, and long ago his name was inscribed on the roll of fame, together with those of Mendelssohn, Gade, Lachner, and others. The symphony is far from being his best composition, and would be a woeful disappointment to those acquainted with his famous piano concerto, Op. 69. The first and third are the best, while the second (slow) movement is utterly devoid of even the shadow of sentiment, and is altogether unworthy of the name of its author.

F. Grützmacher, from Dresden, played the violoncello compositions on the programme in a manner only consistent with the great fame he has acquired as a master of that difficult instrument. The Hoffmann concerto is a decided enrichment of the comparatively little that has been written for the violoncello.

The vocalist, Frau Koch-Bossenberger from Hanover, is gifted with a rich sympathetic soprano. She, with the orchestra, after the overture of Mozart and Schumann, were mostly in harmony with the audience: at least the applause after each seemed more hearty and genuine than after the other productions.

The accompaniment to the songs was played by Capellmeister Reinecke, who also conducted the overtures and the accompaniment to the aria. Concertmeister Röntgen conducted the violoncello accompaniments.

LEIPZIG, Nov. 2, 1877.—On October 28th, the Florentine quartette gave their last concert, with the following programme:

Lux, D minor, Op. 58.
Bungert (piano and strings), Op. 18.
Scholz, G major, Op. 46.

Of these only the piano quartet excited interest; not that the other compositions were not equally as well played, but because as compositions they were entirely too labored and too barren of sentiment to leave room for any other feelings but those of vexation and disappointment. All three are new, and not one of the twelve movements of which they are composed has a bright and pleasant looking face. *This must be a sign of the times, for the same must be said of almost all the modern compositions.* The pianist played with spirit, but at times too noisily. She did not have opportunity for displaying any finer qualities. She evidently has talent, and may eventually become a very good pianist, especially as she will have such an able master (Reinecke) during the coming winter.

The second Entree Concert, last Tuesday evening, had this programme:

Overture—"Conflict and Victory".....Bolk
Aria, from "Faust".....L. Spohr
Concerto for Violin.....Paganini
Songs,.....Jensen
Airs,.....Walln fer
Polonaise, for Violin.....Bach
Symphony, No. 2, D major.....Beethoven

The most interesting and also the most successful part of the concert was the playing of the lady violinist, Fr ulein Bertha Haft, from Vienna. She is probably not more than eighteen years of age, but her playing was neither suggestive of her age nor of her sex. Her technic is already remarkably developed, and she is certain to become an artist whose fame and name will spread far and wide.

The basso, A. Walln fer, also from Vienna, was less fortunate, owing partly to his unsympathetic voice and partly to the unattractive songs chosen. The new overture of Bolk, the composer directing, was moderately successful. The orchestra was apparently not in its best mood, which was mostly felt in the Beethoven symphony. The concert as a whole was below the usual standard of the Entree.

On Thursday evening the fourth Gewandhaus concert presented the following programme:

Schumann—Symphony, E flat, No. 3.
Saint-Sa ns—Concerto for piano, C minor, No. 4.
Beethoven—Aria from "Fidelio."
Rameau, } Piano (Les tourbillons et les Cyclopes.
Chopin, } Berceuse.
Liszt, } Solos. (Venezia e Napoli.
Saint-Sa ns—Le Rouet d'Omphale.
Franco Puccini, } La Nana.
Graziani, } Songs, } Bolero.

The centre of attraction was Camille Saint-Sa ns, from Paris, who introduced himself in the double capacity of composer and pianist. If his success is to be measured by the enthusiastic applause that greeted him after each appearance, it was indeed a genuine success.

Much might be said of the pianist; it was piano-playing very different from the usual order and, therefore, all the more difficult of objective criticism. His technic is an almost infallible one, and he is in this respect the equal of Billow and Rubinstein. The subscriber could not reconcile himself to the thumping and decidedly coarse manner of playing "forte" melodies. Philippine von Edelsberg, the soprano, is well known in the musical world, and sang the aria with all the nobility and earnestness of expression it requires; in the songs her voice seemed tired, but this did not materially mar their enjoyment.

The orchestral compositions, Reinecke conducting the Schumann symphony and Saint-Sa ns his own, were in the usual happy manner of the orchestra. The two compositions in such close proximity made the former seem like a huge pyramid overshadowing a mole-hill.

The operas during the week were *Armida* (Gluck), *Tannh user* (Wagner) and *Die Hochlandler* (v. Holstein.)

JOHN F. HINKELEBACH.

French Uncleaness.

This paper made no comment upon the performances of the French *Op ra Bouffe* Company at the Arch Street Theatre last week for the reason that we considered the entertainments unfit for presentation to the public, and because experience has

shown, that to denounce such exhibitions as unclean is to give to certain classes of people an impulse to attend them. It is a fact that numbers of apparently respectable men did visit the theatre, accompanied by ladies, although they knew that they would hear evil things and see obscene actions; for no one who knows anything of *La Jolie Parfumeuse* or *La Marjolaine* can fail to comprehend that both are crammed full of villeness. Others went, unsuspicious, believing that they might trust themselves in a first-class theatre, conducted by a woman, without fear of having their modesty offended. These, unless they are ignorant of the French language and generally dull of comprehension, must have learned that their confidence was misplaced. We are strongly inclined to believe that the authorities, in such cases, should afford protection to the latter and forbid the indulgence of the prurient tastes of the former. We know of no reason why an indecent American "variety show" should be suppressed by the police, if the performance of an immoral drama by a band of French blackguards is to be permitted.

This particular matter, however, is but a small branch of a very large subject. The *Aim e* opera company is only a single drop in a vast stream of impurity that is poured in upon us by France. French *op ra bouffe* has well-nigh driven legitimate opera from the American stage. It has replaced high and beautiful art with lechery, which has been made attractive by being clothed in gay and fantastic dress. The lively and sparkling music of the composers covers a loathsome mass of uncleanness, which, if it were presented without such a garment and without the veil of a foreign tongue, would be repulsive to all but the lowest and most vicious. Men like Offenbach and Lecocq have lent their genius to the glorification of dirt, to the work of extinguishing pure art beneath an accumulation of indecency which they have decorated with garlands. And the saddest thing about it is that they have thus seemed to follow the fashion of their country and to respond to a real demand of their countrymen. The French novel and the French drama of to-day have but one theme: adulterous intrigue. There are noble exceptions to the rule, among French writers, of which Victor Hugo and Eckmann-Chatrain are shining proofs; but the great mass of the French men and women who write works of fiction for the stage and for the closet, who write poetry and prose, seem to know of no other motive for human action but that which is born of base animal passion, and to have no conception of the possibility of a plot which does not involve the destruction of female virtue. Sardou builds his plays upon a foundation of evil, and the host of lesser play-writers follow closely his example. The French novelist who writes for the educated few finds his highest delight in depicting the pleasures of impure love; and the *feuilletoniste* who compounds fiction for the daily newspapers scratches in the dirt for the material that he thrusts before the eyes of a million readers. The other mighty impulses that move the world, the passions that are born of the intellect rather than of the body, are almost wholly neglected. The modern French dramatist seems unable to comprehend the power which lies in such motives as those that govern Lady Macbeth, or to perceive the dramatic possibilities of the forces which impel the characters of *King Lear*. He has his eyes resolutely fixed on the mire, and he will not discover any richer and purer ground in which to dig.

Those who comprehend the extent to which French literature of the lighter class is saturated with foulness, cannot help believing that it fairly represents the condition of public morals, and if it does, the inevitable conclusion must be that the nation is in one of the stages of decay. French home-life under the best conditions may be very pure and beautiful; there may be among the people a vast body who regard the existing condition of things with the disgust we feel for it; French methods of finance and industrial theories may be very sound and wise; but a nation which upon its stage and in its fiction expresses itself in the exaltation of unhallowed passion and manifests an insatiable appetite for gross impurity, must have some rottenness at its core; it must have gotten so far away from the sound principles of morality and from affection for the higher and holier things of life that its return to them, as the only sure basis of the social life which brings happiness and progress, is nearly an impossibility. No nation can hope to proceed in that civilization which was born of Christianity, if it casts aside with contempt all regard for the purity and decency which are among the first require-

ments of Christianity. And the sooner we learn that lesson the better. What there is of good in France and her literature we want, but the things that are devised to feed the prurient appetites of her people ought not to gain an entrance here. The American who pays his money to witness an hour of obscene opera does an injury to his country and his fellow-citizens; he lifts a little higher the flood-gates which ought to shut out the polluted stream which France is pouring toward us.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*

A Permanent Opera.

(From the Daily Advertiser.)

There has been some talk of late of organizing a permanent local opera in Boston. The musical public gets some satisfaction from companies which visit us from season to season, but they do not fill the bill. The conditions of a travelling company, hurrying from city to city, with little time for rehearsals, an enormous expense attendant on its movements, with the fatigue and exposure which the singers have to undergo,—all these things exclude any prospect of satisfactory opera while travelling companies are depended on. If two or three times a week during the season there could be operatic performances in English, with principal singers able to render their parts intelligently, if not brilliantly, and with an efficient, well-drilled orchestra and chorus, the change would be heartily welcomed.

For a pattern, Germany may be looked to. There the caravan opera is unknown. Every city of importance has its permanent opera, which, except in Berlin and Vienna, generally alternates with the drama at the principal theatre. "But," some one remarks, "in Germany they can well have good opera, where the theatres are supported by the government!" To this may be replied: Not all; some of the finest and most famous operas in Germany receive no support from the government, and are entirely successful; for instance, in the great commercial cities of Leipzig, Hamburg and Cologne, where opera is heard in a degree of excellence unknown outside of Germany.

The modern lyric drama is the highest form of music; it combines the vocal and instrumental in a way which gives each the greatest freedom of expression. Without a permanent opera, music must remain *exotic* here to a great degree; with it, the public would ever have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the works of the standard composers, who are now, for the great part, strangers to us. The music-loving American who stays at home cannot become familiar with the masters as they show themselves at their best. Once in a few years, perhaps, the public gets an aggravating taste of Mozart, Beethoven or Weber, but they come like angels' visits; this year it may be "Don Juan," next year "Fidelio," or the next "Der Freisch tz," but they never come all together. The American operatic diet consists chiefly of the light and hackneyed works of syrupy composers; year after year our public listens to the same old hand-organ tunes with uncommendable patience, and has no chance to better its tastes or its opportunities. But all this would be changed if the works of the great composers, the unknown worlds of Gluck and Schumann, were once worthily revealed. Both the old and the modern master might be voted "slow" if "Iphigenia in Aulis" or "Genoveva" were now heard for the first time; but if a beginning were made with the simpler and lighter works of standard composers, both opera company and public would soon come to demand the grander things. Such a beginning as Theodore Thomas made is a good example. Starting with Schumann's *Tr umeri*, he has educated a large public in almost all the great cities to appreciation of the greatest instrumental works.

Other great advantages of a permanent opera would be the splendid material for the best concerts which its singers and orchestra would afford; the latter especially would supply a great want which has been a serious drawback in Boston concert seasons.

To avoid a fiasco any steps toward the organization of a permanent opera should be well considered. Public co peration should first be assured. Possibly arrangements might be made with the managers of some one of the principal theatres for two operatic performances a week,—say Wednesday and Saturday evenings; the running dramatic attraction could easily be transferred to some of the neighboring cities on those evenings. A portion of the reserved seats might be offered at a reduction from

the regular theatre prices, by subscription, for a season of twenty-five or fifty nights; that would give an assured and regular public, and transient patrons would be likely to fill the rest of the house. It can hardly be doubted that, if the work were rightly taken in hand, a hearty response would come from well-to-do citizens who have always shown themselves quick to encourage artistic undertakings.

In London, where fashionable prejudices against English opera have had to be overcome, Carl Rosa has done a magnificent work, and established a fine opera which promises finally to supplant the fashionable Italian in the estimation of lovers of good music. This season he is to have Her Majesty's opera house in the Haymarket, and to bring out many of the best works of old and modern composers in English for the first time. A man of his genius and organizing power might make a similar enterprise successful in Boston. The material is at hand.

Verdi's Requiem in Chicago.

The Beethoven Society made its first public appearance this season last evening at McCormick's Hall. The programme consisted of Verdi's "Requiem Mass," which the Society gave last season in the Plymouth Congregational Church. Notwithstanding the sudden cold weather, the anniversary character of the day when so many people stay at home, and the strong counter attraction at the Tabernacle, there was a very large audience in attendance, which greeted the Society and its performance very cordially, and at times with enthusiasm. The performance differed from that of last season in two or three respects. Then the accompaniments were given upon the organ, this time they were given by orchestra, as they were originally written, the scores having been procured from London at large expense to the Society. The quartet last year consisted of Mrs. Thurston, Miss De Pelgrom, Mr. Dexter, and Mr. Bergstein; this time it was Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Kempton, Mr. Knorr, and Mr. Martin. Some slight changes were also made last evening, the "Liber Scriptus" being given according to Verdi's revision as an alto solo, with an occasional intoning of the mere words "Dies Ira" by the chorus, instead of full chorus, the orchestral score containing only the solo. The Society turned out in very full ranks and did its work with exceeding credit. The sopranos were specially strong, and the other parts were well up to their work, the tenors showing a decided improvement over last year, although they still need strengthening with some leading voices. The orchestra forced them to their utmost, and although they were sometimes covered up by the brass, they nevertheless sang with a spirit and power for which they should have great credit. The overwhelming weight of the orchestra was clearly enough shown in the "Sanctus," which, those who were present last year will remember, received an enthusiastic encore from the choral strength of the Hosannas in its finale. On this occasion they were given with no less of power, but the chorus could not cope with the orchestra, and the brasses failed to get the encore which the voices deserved to have.

The quartet was decidedly stronger than that of last year, its ensemble being very effective. The changes that were made were for the better, the tenor being able to sing in tune, the mezzo-soprano having a broad, majestic style suiting the character of the Mass, and the bass making up for what he lacked in sonorosity, depth and strength of tone in the care and correctness with which he sang. Mrs. Thurston sang her trying part in the most careful and conscientious manner through the first half of the work, but in the Offertory ("Domine Jesu"), which is very long and very exacting, and in the final fugue, the "Liber me," either from fatigue or a cold, she fell from the key. The soprano work of the Mass, however, is not child's play, and Mrs. Thurston is entitled to a large degree of credit for the manner in which her part was taken. Mrs. Kempton sang her part in a broad, free, and dignified method, and with an earnestness and pathos in keeping with the majestic character of the music. Mr. Knorr's singing of the tenor part was some of the best work he has ever done, not alone for its correctness and the clear, penetrating voice, but for the expression with which he gave his numbers, especially the "Ingemisco," which was admirably sung. Mr. Martin has not the breadth, depth, or volume of tone to do full justice to his part or to bring it out in all its majestic solemnity, but he sang with so much of care, and feeling, and general

correctness that it was a pleasure to listen to him. If we were to select those numbers which were most effectively given, we should say they were the "Salva me" (quartet and chorus), in the "Dies Ira," the "Recordare" duet (soprano and mezzo-soprano), and the "Lux perpetua" trio (mezzo-soprano, tenor and bass). The orchestra, considering the difficulty of the score and the very short time it has had for rehearsal, did exceedingly well. There was an occasional tendency to drag, and the brasses were at times somewhat too strong for the strings and voices, but the general effect was very fine. Those who heard it done before with organ, excellent as that accompaniment was, should not fail to hear it with its original orchestral setting, and this they can do next Tuesday evening, when the Mass will be repeated at the same place. Mr. Wolfsohn and the Society may congratulate themselves upon their first concert.—*Tribune*, Nov. 30.

CATALANI. It was in the year 1806 that Mme. Catalani, who had already won golden opinions on the continent, first appeared in London. Passing through Paris on her way to England, she sang before the Emperor, who was greatly delighted with her. "Where are you going," he demanded, "that you wish to leave Paris?" "To London, sire," she replied, "You must remain in Paris," was the peremptory rejoinder. "You will be well paid, and your talents better appreciated here; 10,000 francs a year, two months' leave of absence. That is settled. Adieu." The lady, however, contrived to escape across the Channel, and to fulfill her engagement. Her terms were 2000 guineas for the season. But the next year she increased them to 5000 guineas. The manager objected that it left him nothing for his other artists. "What do you want else when you have my wife's talent?" demanded her husband, Valabreque; "she and four or five puppets (*poupées*) are enough." And that was all the public got, and for a time it sufficed to crowd the theatre. Finally, her terms became so enormous that managers, especially when the public began to grow tired of "the four or five puppets," even with madame, feared to incur the responsibility of engaging her. She left the King's Theatre in 1813, and after that was heard chiefly in concerts. She gained by these entertainments in one season of four months, in London, £10,000, and doubled that sum in a tour through the English provinces, Scotland and Ireland. Catalani herself seems to have been a simple-minded, good-natured creature, and more than one story is told of her charitable disposition. But her husband was a low-bred, avaricious fellow. He called her his *poule d'or*, which she certainly was to him. Capt. Gronow relates in his "Reminiscences" that when she was on a visit at Stowe he sent in a bill to the Marquis of Buckingham for £1700 for seventeen songs his wife had sung in company, although she was on the footing of a guest. But Valabreque was actually left behind when she was invited to distinguished houses. She is described by contemporaries as being very beautiful, not a great actress, but making up for all deficiencies by the charm of her manner. Her voice, Capt. Gronow says, "was transcendent." But she appears to have preferred to astonish her audience by extraordinary feats of execution, such as leaping two octaves at once, and the most florid *fortiture*, rather than pleasing them by purity of style. These faults, as an inevitable consequence, increased with time. One of her favorite feats was to sing the "Non piu andrai" of "Figaro" and by mere force of lungs and volume of voice rise above all the brass of the orchestra. Her last appearance in opera took place in 1814, in Mayer's "Il Fanatico per la Musica," but she cut out everything that did not tend to display her *bravura* powers, and walked through her part without condescending to act. Each night the audience grew thinner, until she withdrew from the theatre never again to appear upon the stage. Her last appearance in public took place in Dublin in 1828. The following anecdote, taken from Mr. Hogarth's book, is a capital illustration of her simplicity and her intellectual calibre. When she visited the court of Weimar she was placed next to Goethe at dinner, but without having been previously introduced to him. Struck by his appearance, she inquired his name of the gentleman on the other side. "The celebrated Goethe, Madame," was the reply. "On what instrument does he play?" "He is not a musician, Madame; he is the renowned author of 'Werter.'" "Oh, yes, I remember!" cried Catalani delightedly, and turning to the poet, she exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I am a great admirer of 'Werter.' I never read anything so laughable in my life. What a capital farce it is, sir!" "A

farce, Madame!" said the astonished Goethe. "Oh, yes; and there never was anything so exquisitely ridiculous," she answered, laughing heartily at the remembrance. Catalani had seen a parody of the "Sorrow of Werter" at a Parisian minor theatre, and had never heard of the original.—*Belgravia*.

Music in New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The season opens with a new order of things in the musical world, and New York is to be greatly favored in the department of orchestral music. There will be plenty of the best of such music performed with a degree of care and skill hardly to be exceeded in any of the European capitals.

The Philharmonic Society has entered upon the Thirty-sixth season of its existence with an orchestra selected from the best resident talent and complete in every detail, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. By this bold stroke of policy the society has extricated itself from difficulty, recovered a lost prestige and solved all doubt as to its future success. Twelve concerts are announced in the prospectus; six of them are called rehearsals and take place in the afternoon; but the performance is in no respect inferior to that of the evening concerts, and the programme is the same. The concerts are given at the Academy of Music on the following days: Afternoon Concerts; Nov. 23, Dec. 21, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, March 8, April 5. Evening Concerts; Nov. 24, Dec. 22, Jan. 12, Feb. 9, March 9, April 6.

Theodore Thomas began the Eleventh season of his Symphony Concerts at Steinway Hall, Nov. 3. The concerts and rehearsals are eighteen in number. Six evening concerts and twelve rehearsals. As originally projected the rehearsals were to be six in all; but as the demand for subscription tickets was greater than the capacity of Steinway Hall, six extra rehearsals were added to the list. The dates are: Concerts: Nov. 3, Dec. 1, Jan. 5, Feb. 2, March 2, April 13. Rehearsals: Nov. 1, Nov. 28, Dec. 13, Dec. 26, Jan. 3, Jan. 24, Jan. 31, Feb. 21, Feb. 28, March 14, March 28, April 11.

Dr. Leopold Damrosch has organized from the best available material a fairly efficient orchestra; one which, if kept together, will doubtless improve under his direction. He has already given five "Symphony mainées" at Steinway Hall, and another, to complete the series, will follow on Saturday, Dec. 1. He will give a second series during the winter. It appears therefore that in a season of five months we are to have at least forty-two concerts, at which the highest order of orchestral music will be rendered, and the list will doubtless be increased.

The concerts of the Oratorio Society are as follows, at Steinway Hall: Nov. 15, *Judas Maccabæus*; Dec. 29, *The Messiah*; Feb. 28, work not yet selected; April 25, *The Seasons*.

The programme of the first Thomas Symphony Concert consisted of the following numbers: Mozart's Overture to the Magic Flute; a Concerto for two violins and violoncello, with string orchestra, by Handel; Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony; the Introduction and Quartet from the third act of Wagner's "Meistersinger," and Liszt's "Tasso." Much to my regret I was absent from the city at the time of this concert.

The first Philharmonic concert took place on Saturday evening, Nov. 24, on which occasion, according to time-honored custom, there was a dismal rain-storm. [The mere mention of a "Philharmonic" brings a vision of umbrellas and water-proofs.] The audience was large, but not sufficient to fill the house to the extent of its seating capacity. The programme was as follows:

Overture—"The Water-carrier,".....Cherubini
Symphony, No. 6, in F.....Beethoven
Overture—"Manfred".....Schumann
Suite, for piano and orchestra, Op. 20,
(first time).....Raff
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Poème Symphonique—"Mazepa".....Liszt

The orchestra at present numbers ninety-four performers, comprising 34 violins, 10 violas, 10 cellos, 12 double basses, 2 flutes, 1 piccolo, 3 oboes, 3 clarinets, 1 corneo-anglais, 3 bassoons, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, tuba, cymbals, triangle, bass drum, and tympani.

The strength and excellent quality of the strings were shown in the very beginning of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, in the crescendo measures for violins and violas; but the greatest defect in the playing of the former orchestra was in the wind instruments, and here the greatest improvement is shown. The horns in the allegro were clear and accurate, where they have usually been faulty. And every part of the Symphony was carefully and beautifully executed. Certain critics take exception to that which they call "hurrying over" the brook-scene; but Mr. Thomas, although he took this movement at a quicker rate than we are accustomed to hear it, simply played it as it is written, "*Andante molto moto*."

The Suite by Raff comprises an Introduction and Fugue, Minuet, Gavotte and Musette, Cavatina and Finale. It is a very ingenious and complicated work, but our first impression is not an enduring one. The first four parts are like a brilliant succession of unfulfilled promises; but in the Finale the themes of the four preceding parts are introduced in the most novel and startling manner, and treated with wonderful ingenuity and skill. Even those who fail to credit Mr. Mills with the possession of the sixth sense, thought to be essential to an artist, could not deny the ability and good taste of his performance in this very difficult work. The peculiarity of Mr. Mills's playing is this: he pleases his hearers, but never awakes enthusiasm. Perhaps it is because he himself does not feel that emotion.

(Conclusion next time.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 8, 1877.

Harvard Musical Association.

A considerably larger audience than before attended the second Symphony Concert (Thursday afternoon, Nov. 22), and was manifestly well pleased and edified. The Orchestra, it was generally thought, played even better than in the first concert, which won universal praise. Of course, there were imperfections, "roughnesses," false intonations, occasionally obvious even to inferior mortals not provided with the critical detective's *microscopic ear*, which listens for the faulty details rather than for music,—just as the purest water reveals to the microscopic eye infinitesimal monsters and all sorts of vegetable and animal impurities, whereof we loathe to drink. Let us, we blind and deaf and ignorant majority, who nevertheless "love much," be thankful to the good genius, whether he be Schubert or Beethoven, that we can enjoy a great musical work in spite of little imperfections in the rendering, nay, positively feel uplifted and inspired by its whole glorious development and movement, meeting the intention as it were half way—without which willingness we were unworthy to enjoy it, shutting the Master out.—The solos also were delightful. Here is the programme:—

Overture, in C, Op. 115, composed for the "Name Day" of an Emperor.....Beethoven
Scène et Berceuse: "Si, carina caprettina!" from "Dinorah".....Meyerbeer
Miss Lillian Bailey.
Krakowiak: Grand Rondeau de Concert, Op. 14, for Piano-forte, with Orchestra.....Chopin
George W. Sumner.

Songs, with Piano-forte:

a. Frühlings Ankunft ("Spring is come!") Op. 23, No. 5.....R. Franz
b. Suleika, No. 2, "Was bedeutet die Bewegung?".....Mendelssohn
Miss Lillian Bailey.
Symphony, No. 9, in C.....Schubert
Introduction and Allegro.—Andante con moto.—Scherzo.—Finale.

The "Namensfeier" Overture is not one of the colossal overtures of Beethoven, but it is instinct with his fire and genius throughout, and should be heard much oftener than it is; it may never be popular, but it will reward attention. It was first given in this city, in these Symphony Concerts, in the Beethoven Centennial year, and then it was given twice; since which time we think it has not again been heard here until now. It was composed for the "Name-day" festivities of the Emperor Francis II. in Vienna, in 1814, and is commonly regarded as a companion piece to the much larger and grander Op. 124 in the same key, called "*Weihe des Hauses*," or Dedication Overture (for the opening of a theatre). The Introduction (*Masstoso*) is broad, stately and commanding. The *Allegro assai vivace*, which follows in 6-8 measure to the end, a light, tripping, nervous movement, which at first seems sketchy, develops with a marvellous consistency and beauty, fresh at every turn, and fulfilling each strange expectation with an easy certainty that still surprises and delights. It requires to be rendered with extreme precision and delicacy, and the orchestra were more successful than one might well have feared. At all events it made a good impression in spite of short rehearsal—and the want of a few more strings.

Miss LILLIAN BAILEY, with her delicate, sweet, fresh voice, her charming naturalness of manner, and her artistic, earnest feeling and expression, sang to great acceptance. She has gained much in power and style within a year, and, being very young, she will gain more. But it is already a rare treat to listen to her. The scene and cradle song from *Dinorah* cannot, indeed, make its best effect in the

concert room, taken out of its dramatic connection; nor do we entirely like the music; the opening recitative and pretty pastoral hints in the instruments are pleasing, but, in the latter half, the music becomes over-ingenious and affected, as is often the way with Meyerbeer with all his truly creative genius. She sang it softly, as the dramatic situation requires, and therefore her young voice, with orchestra, did not pervade the great hall in this with such power as in the Lieder afterwards. But the recitative was given with true expression, the occasional highest tones were singularly pure and firm and satisfying, and she has the art of holding out a high tone and diminishing it with beautiful effect. The accompaniment was delicately played. There was more room for fervor and impassioned accent in the two songs, in which she had the advantage of Mr. Dresel's exquisite pianoforte accompaniment, and she entered into the spirit of them, as if singing out her soul. The Franz Spring song was particularly suited to her.

Mr. SUMNER played the brilliant, piquant *Krakowiak* of Chopin very neatly and distinctly, showing a thorough study and a right conception of it, and bringing out many of its quaint melodic motives with great vividness and fineness. The only failure was of strength of touch; there was a lack of resonance for so large a space.

But charming as all these things were, the grand attraction of the concert was the great Schubert Symphony,—one of the inspired works, with common consent now spoken of as "heavenly" as "divine," worthy to be throned with Beethoven's immortal Nine. Once, while its beauty and its grandeur, and its absolute originality, were recognized, audiences were apt to find it excessively long; but Schumann was right about its "heavenly length;" and this time, we think, all who listened in the right spirit (and there were very few who did not) were convinced that it is of just the right length. Even the longest movement, the unspeakably beautiful Andante, actually seemed short; for you are led on from one beauty to another, with ever increasing interest, with never a dull passage, or a single measure of mere *remplissage*, until it has developed all it had to say and no more,—one pure inspiration from the first note to the last. Allowing for some occasional false intonation in one or two wind instruments, a few hitches in the violins, and some brass tones coarser than they need be, all the movements were so well rendered that the Symphony was heard with intense interest and enthusiasm; for it is trivial to note slight defects in detail—at all events trivial to remember them—in one or two instances, we fear, worse than trivial—with such a glorious, god-like procession moving past one. The tremendous Finale was made remarkably effective.

We have received many unsought assurances, from musicians as well as amateurs, of the deep impression made by this performance. Here, for instance, is a passage from a private note, from an organist, a graduate of the Leipzig Conservatorium, written on first sitting down at home after the concert, "while the spell was on him":—

"My Dear A.—What a rich treat the Harvard Orchestra gave us to-day in their playing of the 'heavenly' Schubert Symphony! It seemed to me a great step in advance of any previous performance, and the *tread of the Giants*, in the last movement, carried one along as only an earnest and confident orchestra could. This was a performance to be proud of, and was a fitting following to Mr. Dresel's uplifting and poetic accompaniment to the pair of Songs."

—We cannot conclude without one word in praise for, and in justice to Mr. Zerrahn,—the faithful and long tried Conductor, who with such imperfect means, small orchestra and musicians allowed few opportunities of playing thus together, exceedingly short time for rehearsals, and amid the discouragement

ment of a perpetual cross fire of a petty and yet maddening "criticism," much of it plainly personal and prompted by an evident desire to pull down and destroy the best we have or can have under present circumstances, has yet succeeded in bringing out that long and difficult great Symphony with such inspiring and uplifting power. These concerts, with the reduced patronage they get, must needs be given on a very economical scale. Those who find most fault with the performances are the very ones who do their best (worst) to warn off subscribers, and thus make it necessary to perform a great Symphony with only four hours of rehearsal; and that too, when a number of the musicians never played it in their lives before. Two short rehearsals! And then you judge the effort by the standard of a body of men who are kept in constant practice of this sort the whole year round,—who play together *all the time*, are well paid for it, and do nothing else! The only wonder is that our brave orchestra and leader can achieve so much, can kindle such a love for what is best and noblest in the art of Music.

These concerts are in no sense a speculation. Nobody profits or seeks to profit peculiarly by them. The Association which gives them—a social, private one, not organized for concert-giving, and not dependent upon that—does it purely and solely for the end of building up in time a permanent local orchestra in Boston, and of keeping alive the love and taste for the great masterworks through frequent hearing. It knows their present limitations and deficiencies. It perseveres, doing the best now possible, in the hope of keeping the nucleus alive and whole, until "better times" shall bring it greater means and power. And it has a right, one would think, to expect from the friends of music here all sympathy and favor, instead of reckless and destructive criticism. For *real* criticism, which is sincere and to the purpose, prompted by good motive, it is always grateful.

Chamber Concerts.

That was a very pleasant one given in Union Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 14, by Miss LILLIAN SHATTUCK, one of the promising young violin pupils (yet in her teens) of Julius Eichberg, and with the aid of several of these young violinists, beside other artist friends. This was the programme:

1. Quartet in D major.....Haydn
Allegro moderato, Adagio cantabile.
Miss Abbie Shephardson, Miss Lillian Shattuck,
Mr. Wulf Fries, Mr. Edwin Sabin.
2. Piano Solo:—
Prelude and Fugue, Op. 35.....Mendelssohn
Menuetto, Op. 72.....Raff
Miss Hattie Billings.
3. Concerto for Violin, 1st mov't.....Mendelssohn
Miss Lillian Shattuck.
4. Scena and Aria,—"Der Freischütz".....Von Weber
Miss Lillian Bailey.
5. Cello Solo:—
Song without words.....Mendelssohn
Serenade.....Lalo
Mr. Wulf Fries.
6. Elegie, for Violin.....Ernst
Miss Lillian Shattuck.
7. Song—"They Say,".....Randegger
Miss Lillian Bailey.
8. Concertante for four Violins.....Eichberg
Misses Lillian Chandler, Lettie Launder,
Lillian Shattuck, Abbie Shephardson.

Father Haydn would not have been cross at all, we think, could he have heard his two beautiful movements played so clearly and so smoothly, and with such good mutual understanding; nor could Mr WULF FRIES feel ashamed of such companionship. Miss Shattuck's rendering of the Mendelssohn Allegro, and of Ernst's Elegie, really astonished. Her tone is pure and delicate, her execution clean. Miss BILLINGS contributed much to the general pleasure in her pianoforte selections, though we have heard her when she seemed less constrained than in the Mendelssohn Prelude and Fugue. Miss BAILEY sang the great *Freyshütz* scena with wonderful dramatic fervor and expression for one so young, as well as with rare beauty of voice, style

and execution. The climax was almost thrilling. We were sorry to have to lose the Concertante for four violins, which we have heard particularly praised.

MISS WINSLOW'S RECITAL, at Union Hall, Monday afternoon, Nov. 26, was largely attended, by an appreciative and, in the main, well pleased audience. Her youthful and attractive presence, and her whole look and manner, as of one in earnest with her Art, bespoke sympathy from the outset. Her programme was as follows:

1. Trio in B flat, Op. 11.....Beethoven
Allegro con brio—Adagio—Allegretto.
2. { a. Prelude and Fugue.....Bach
b. Cradle Song.....Henselt
c. Spinning Song.....Wagner-Liszt
3. Andante and Variations.....Schumann
For two Pianos,
4. { a. Nocturne.....Chopin
b. Etude.....
c. Ballade.....

Musical feeling, a clean, crisp, vital touch and accent, with a good deal of power and brilliancy of execution were manifest throughout. In the Beethoven Trio—with the Variations on a popular air—she was assisted by the brothers Fares, and its beauties were all well brought out; although here and elsewhere we could not but remark a certain anxiety in her playing which told of the severe and unrelenting finger drill of those five years at Stuttgart. The Prelude and Fugue by Bach were very distinctly, evenly and beautifully rendered. The Cradle Song by Henselt sang itself with the most delicate and tender feeling; and the "Spinning Song" was given with the greatest ease and fluency. The Schumann Duet, with Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, was also a success. Miss Winslow was less happy in the Chopin pieces, particularly the *Ballade*, where she several times struck a wrong note, which evidently robbed her of her presence of mind and somewhat blurred the whole interpretation. We understand the darkness of the hall, with the shadow on the keyboard, was what embarrassed her. It certainly speaks well for the intrinsic musical nature of this earnest young student, that the long and terrible technical drill has not killed all fine expression. We shall be glad to hear her more.

MISS AMY FAY'S third and last Piano Recital, Nov. 27, was as follows:

- Prelude and Fugue in B minor.....Bach
Grand Sonata, C major, Op. 53.....Beethoven
Allegro con brio—Adagio molto—Rondo.
Nocturne, C minor.....Field
32 Variations in C minor.....Beethoven
Nocturne, F major, No. 1, Op. 15.....Chopin
Nocturne, F sharp major, No. 2, Op. 15.....
Study, A minor, No. 11, Op. 25.....
(Sometimes called the "Hurricane" or "Winter-Wind" Study.)
Liebes-Traum, Nocturne.....Liszt
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 14.....

It was certainly no slight evidence of power of will and intellect, as well as of physical nerve and muscle, to carry through such a programme with unflinching certainty, nay much of it with grace and ease and good expression, and the whole of it without a note before her. We arrived only in time to hear the Rondo Finale of the Beethoven Sonata, her performance of which seemed to us to lack the elasticity, the airy lightness that should characterize it. In all the other interpretations we found more satisfaction than perhaps ever before in Miss Fay's playing. At this time of writing the pieces are not fresh enough in our mind to enable us to say more.

In Mr. WM. H. SHERWOOD'S second of two concerts (Union Hall, Monday afternoon, Dec. 3), we seemed to hear this fine pianist at his best, and in a great variety of interesting work, relieved too by some excellent singing. These were the selections:—

1. a. Fugue, No. 3, C major (Pet. Ed., 200).....Bach
b. Prelude and Fugue, A minor (Pet. Ed., 200).....Bach

2. a. "Der Abend Stern" (The Evening Star).....J. Hallström
b. "Elfenreihn".....Carl Reinecke
(Composed expressly for the Swedish Ladies Quartette)
3. Sonata, E minor, Op. 90.....Beethoven
a. Allegro. b. Rondo.
4. Tenor Solo. Cavatina from "Faust," "Salve dimora,".....Gounod
Mr. Carl Pflüger.
5. Trio, "Lift thine eyes," from "Eljah,".....Mendelssohn
Misses Wideberg, Aberg and Soederlund, of the Swedish Ladies Quartette.
6. a. "Kreiseriana," Op. 16, No. 1, D minor, No. 5, G minor.....Schumann
b. Impromptu, A flat major, Op. 142, No. 2, Schubert
- c. Tarantelle, E flat minor, Op. 11, Gustav Schumann
7. a. "Necken" (The Water Sprite), arr. for Quartette, by.....L. Ohlson
b. "Hochzeitsanz" (Feast and Wedding Dance).....Soedermann
Swedish Ladies Quartette.
8. a. Etude, Op. 2, No. 6 ("If I were a bird," Henselt
b. Ballade in A flat major, Op. 47 (by request).....Chopin
Mr. Sherwood.
9. Tenor Solo—"Im Fruehling".....Fesca
Mr. Carl Pflüger.
10. Toccata, B major, Op. 36.....Auguste Dupont
(First time in Boston.)

Mr. Sherwood played all from memory. And the finished ease and grace of style, the power and certainty of execution were not more observable, than the air of dreamy and imaginative abstraction with which he seemed to think every phrase and passage out as he went on, happy apparently in such fine mental occupation. It was by no means automatic memorizing, but the clear consciousness of what he was expressing. The fugues of Bach,—though not of the most interesting specimens, not from the "Well-tempered Clavichord," were most conscientiously and neatly rendered, made to say all that was in them. Of the Beethoven Sonata he evidently had his own conception, most carefully thought out in every detail. It did not correspond with that which we have always held. In the first movement, which, to be sure, has something of the moody freedom of a Fantasia,—and in which Beethoven again employs that overlapping, echoing alternation of two voices *sempre diminuendo*, which is so expressive in the horn-like dying away of the "Adieu" in the preceding Sonata—Mr. Sherwood indulged in a (to us) inconceivable *ad libitum* of tempo, which marred the continuity. And in that placid, smooth and flowing Rondo, with the finesse and exquisite surprise of each return of the lovely theme, there seemed to be too much jerkiness; the stream was too often suddenly ruffled. Yet, allowing him his own conception, it was a beautiful poetic rendering.

The group of pieces by Schumann, Schubert and a younger Schumann were all interesting; but the most fascinating was the Schubert *Impromptu*, to which he lent a most delicate and airy touch. The familiar "If I were a bird," by Henselt, was so played that it seemed to have lost none of its fresh charm. Of the A-flat *Ballade* of Chopin, which we have so often heard of late, Mr. Sherwood's rendering was one of the most satisfactory. The modern French Toccata by Dupont is a very rapid, difficult and brilliant movement, of a dance-like character, and was most brilliantly executed.

The Swedish singers' voices sounded doubly rich and full in that small hall, and blended very musically and sweetly, sometimes with a wild and sombre pathos, then again laughingly and brightly. The remarkably low register of the two Contraltos is probably the reason why so much of their music is set in a low key, compressing the harmony into a narrow compass. The Trio from *Eljah* lost something of its aerial, angelic character by being taken in a lower pitch.

Mr. PFLUGER has a robust tenor voice of remarkable volume and musical sweetness. The surprise of a single high falsetto tone seemed more unnatural in such a voice than it does in a light *tenore di grazia*. He sang the "Salve dimora" with fervent expression

and in a good sustained *cantabile* style. In the Spring Song by Fesca, too, he gave much pleasure.

Of Mr. Sherwood's first concert (Nov. 16), which we were unable to attend, we can only record the programme:—

1. a. Prelude and Fugue, C minor (Well-tempered Clavichord, Book 2, No. 3).....Bach
b. Fugue, C major, No. 2 (Peters' Ed., No. 200).....Bach
2. "Bussied".....Beethoven
Dr. S. W. Langmaid.
3. Sonata Pathétique, C minor, Op. 13.....Beethoven
4. Song—"Die Lorelei".....Liszt
Miss Lillian Bailey.
5. a. Nocturne, F major, Op. 23, No. 4.....Schumann
b. Etude, C minor, Op. 10, No. 12.....Chopin
c. Grande Valse Brillante, Op. 34, No. 1.....Chopin
6. Songs—
a. "Du bist die Ruh".....Schubert
b. "Italy".....Mendelssohn
Dr. S. W. Langmaid.
7. a. Two "Songs without Words," No. 10, B minor and No. 25, G major.....Mendelssohn
b. "Chorus of Dancing Dervishes," from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," translated for piano by.....C. Saint-Saëns
(First time in Boston.)
8. a. "Nina" (old Italian song).....Pergolesi
b. "Haldenröseln".....Schubert
Miss Lillian Bailey.
9. Valse de l'Opera "Faust" de Gounod.....Liszt

IN PROSPECT. Some extremely interesting concerts have occurred this week, too late for notice in this number; particularly the first Recital of Mme. Schiller, on Wednesday; the third Thomas Concert, Wednesday evening; the third Harvard Symphony Concert, Thursday afternoon, and the Cecilia, Thursday evening.

The fourth THEODORE THOMAS concert comes this afternoon, when Prof. Paine's Symphonic Fantaisie on Shakespeare's "Tempest" will be given. Also the Orchestral Suite, Op. 49 (new) by Saint-Saëns; "Siegfried's Death," Wagner; a new Polonaise by Raff, etc. Miss MATHILDE WILDE will sing, and the young violinist, Master LICHTENBERG, will play.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. The second concert comes next Tuesday evening, Dec. 11, and will consist of Chamber Music. Miss FANNY KELLOGG, Soprano, Mr. ERNST PERABO, and the Boston Philharmonic Club will assist in a choice programme, embracing the Kreutzer Sonata (piano and violin), Beethoven, Messrs. Perabo and Listemann; Aria, "Si t'amo, O cara," Handel, Miss Fanny Kellogg; Larghetto and Scherzo, for Piano, Violin and Cello, Paine, Messrs. Perabo, Listemann and Hartdegen; Violoncello Solo, Sarabande and Gavotte, from Suite in D, Bach, Mr. A. Hartdegen; Songs, "Gehelmes," Schubert, "Tanzlied im Mai," Franz, Miss Fanny Kellogg; Overture for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon and Contrabass, Op. 166, Schubert.

CHRISTMAS ORATORIOS. The sale of tickets for the whole season of the Handel and Haydn Society has been so far quite successful, and the sale of single tickets will begin next week. First, for the two performances at Christmas time. On Sunday evening, Dec. 23, will be given, for the second time in Boston, the first two parts of Bach's Christmas Oratorio,—this time with the additional accompaniments by Robert Franz, which arrived just too late for the Festival last May. This will be followed by J. C. D. PARKER'S "Redemption Hymn" and the Cantata: "Noël," by Saint-Saëns. All three works were among the chief successes of the May Festival.—On Tuesday evening (Christmas Day), the time-honored "Messiah" of Handel, also with the Franz accompaniments, completing those by Mozart, will be given. The principal singers in the first performance will be Miss EMMA C. THURSBY, Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY, Mrs. H. E. SAWYER, Mr. WM. J. WINCH and Mr. A. E. STODDARD (baritone), of New York; in the "Messiah," Miss THURSBY, Mrs. FLORA E. BARRY, Mr. JOSEPH MAAS, and Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY. Mr. ZERRAEN will conduct and Mr. B. J. LANG will sit at the Great Organ.

The fourth Harvard Symphony Concert will take place on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 20, at the Music Hall. The programme includes: Overture to "Cagliostro," Beethoven; Aria; Symphony in D minor, Schumann. Nocturne (MS.) for Orchestra (first time), C. C. Mueller; Songs; Overture: "In the Highlands," Gade.

Rhythm, Touch, etc.

Mr. Editor.—In some recent numbers of the "Journal," Mr. Mathews seems to be much interested concerning the subject of Rhythm, Touch, etc., as connected with Piano-playing.

Allow me through your valuable columns to call his attention to the fact, that Mr. Ditson published, some twenty-four years ago, a concise and useful Theoretical Text book for the Piano, by Prof. E. B. Oliver, which, in Chapter 5, contains a statement of the Theory of Touch, as communicated to the author by Friedrich Wieck, of Dresden, whose authority neither Mr. Mathews nor Mr. Mason would probably question. Also, a few years later, was published a "Thorough Bass Manual" by the same author, which contains a system of exercises and rules regarding the value of notes, rhythm, accent, etc., which is quite exhaustive on these subjects, and which may contain hints useful to Mr. Mathews, judging from his articles on Rhythm, Accent, etc., in your columns. The exercises for accent in practice of scales, which have been claimed as original by the compilers of a certain method for Piano, are also suggested in the above mentioned Text-book, and were given to his pupils by Prof. Oliver, years before their publication in the method above referred to, as many of his pupils will be happy to testify.

New light upon musical subjects of Theory in practice, should be heartily received, but let us also accept and appreciate the work of those who have for many years been arduously laying the foundations for the advancing knowledge, and high standard of Musical Art which we now enjoy.

A PUPIL OF MENDELSSOHN MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

PHILADELPHIA. (From the *Evening Bulletin*, Nov. 28.) At the Arch Street Theatre last evening, Ambrose Thomas's *A Summer Night's Dream* was presented by the Hess English Opera Company to a full house, and so excellent was the performance that the favorable impression made by the company in *The Chimes of Normandy* was fully sustained. *Le Songe d'une nuit d'Été*, first produced in Paris in 1850, is happy, especially in the second act, in its illustrations of Thomas's finest traits of composition, being marked by a delicacy of shading, a flowing sweetness and a quaint grace that is wonderfully attractive. Unfortunately, the music is marred by a bad libretto—bad in French, and still worse in the English translation. The animating idea of the drama—the grouping of a number of Shakespearean characters with Shakespeare himself as the central figure—is admirable, but the realization of this idea is faulty to a degree. Few of us but would be glad to see Shakespeare, but few of us would care to see him drunk; but it is just in this condition that he is presented to us, and his summer night's dream is supposed to be dreamed whilst he lies in a drunken sleep. Queen Elizabeth, in the dual rôle of a fairy god-mother and a lecturer upon temperance also, is rather a sharp attack upon the unities; and her queenliness when she crowns the entirely sobered poet with bays, scarcely reconciles us to her previous exhibition of qualities scarcely so queenly. Elizabeth, however, was an eccentric sort of a person, much given to having her own way, and her conduct in the opera is more pardonable, poetically speaking, than is the conduct of the playwright. The little strain of love making between Latimer and Olivia interjected into the work is pleasant in its way, and furnishes an opportunity in the first act for a pretty air, sung by Latimer, "Dear Love of Thee," and in the last act for an admirable song by Olivia, "Hear me but once," and an attractive duet by the lovers. The music throughout, as we have said, is charming, being by turns

sparkling and poetic, and always marked by the play of the delicate, tender fancy of the composer. The notable numbers are; in the first act, Elizabeth's ogre song and the trio by Elizabeth, Falstaff and Olivia; in the second act the especially brilliant duet by Shakespeare and the Queen; in the third act Elizabeth's song "Ah! idle splendor that surrounds me," the succeeding trio, by Falstaff, Olivia and the Queen, Olivia's song, "Hear me but once," and the duet immediately following.

The cast last evening included Miss Melville as the Queen, Mrs. Seguin as Olivia, Mr. Castle as Shakespeare, Mr. Peakes as Falstaff, and Mr. Turner as Latimer; and, as there were no minor characters to be represented by second-rate singers, the performance was admirably smooth and effective. Miss Melville's acting as Elizabeth was most astonishingly queenly to those who saw her frolicking about as Mignonette, and her singing was still more worthy of approval than in the former part. Her ogre song, the air "Ah! Idle splendor," and several of her concerted numbers with Shakespeare and Falstaff, were peremptorily re-demanded, and throughout the entire opera the audience was prompt and enthusiastic in its applause of her admirable work. Mrs. Seguin as Olivia had not nearly so many chances for exhibiting her thoroughly good qualities, but she made the most of her opportunities, and in the duet with Latimer, in several duets with the Queen, and, notably, in her song "Hear me but once"—sung with singular purity of tone—secured the praise that she so abundantly deserved. The parts of Shakespeare and Latimer, while somewhat dull in acting, were sung with fine effect, and Falstaff was acted with conventional drollery and was vigorously sung. The chorus and orchestra, as before, were noticeably excellent.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS have recently gone to Germany to continue the work they have for the last six years been so successfully doing in the United States, Great Britain and Holland, in the interests of the education of their race at Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.

Within a few days of their arrival at Berlin, they had the honor of appearing before the Imperial family of Germany under circumstances of peculiar interest. They were invited by Their Imperial Highnesses the Crown Prince and Crown Princess to sing some of their Slave songs at the New Palace, Potsdam, on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 4, and on presenting themselves at the appointed hour they found to their joy, that they stood in the presence of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, as well as in the presence of the Crown Prince and Princess, with their children gathered around them. Thus three generations stood together in the home circle listening to this little company of Emancipated Slaves from the United States as they sang the songs of the days of their bondage. And never did their strange, touching songs produce a deeper impression or call forth heartier expressions of sympathy for, and interest in, the work they are laboring to do for their race in America and in Africa.

His Majesty, the Emperor, made many inquiries of the President of the University respecting the Singers, and their personal history and the work they had accomplished, while the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess conversed freely with the Singers, making inquiries, and expressing great delight in the singing. It was especially gratifying to learn from the Crown Princess that four years ago, when the Jubilee Singers had the honor of singing before her Royal Mother, the Queen of England, she had received a long letter speaking of the Singers and their mission. The Crown Prince said these songs as you sing them go to the heart, they go through and through one.

The first public concert was given in Berlin, at the Sing Academy, on the 7th of Nov., and was greeted with such hearty demonstrations of approval that success in Germany seems quite well assured.

—We find a still more glowing and detailed account of this reception in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Ed.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Pompey's Love. C. 2. d to E. Pratt. 30
If I was only long enough. F. 2. Eaton. 30
I took her to the Ball. Song and Chorus. Hays. 80
Eb. 3.
The Black Hussars. Bb. 3. c to E. Jones. 30
A quartet of merry songs, with nice music.
True Hearts. Eb. 3. b to E. Adams. 35
For years can bring no old age
To hearts that still are true.
Beautiful sentiment to sweet music.
Angels kiss mine eyes to sleep. Song and Cho. Rutledge. 30
Eb. 3. d to E.
"Round my bed the angels hover."
One of the touching ballads about a dying child.
Fare thee well, and if forever. Eb. 3. b to E. Sulzner. 30
"More than this, I scarce can die."
Well known words by Lord Byron, with good music.
Non M'ama piu. (He loves no more.) E. 5. Tosti. 35
d to E.
"A che ti gloria il vivere."
"What charms in life remains?"
An Italian song, with pleasing melody.
Sometimes. C. 3. d to g. Sullivan. 40
"Sometimes when I'm sitting alone,
Dreaming alone in the gloom."
Lady Lindsay wrote the sweet words; and the music fits them well.
Have you heard, my Love is coming. F. 3. Barker. 35
F to g.
"Round him beauty's eyes were glancing,
Damoiselles and Signorinas."
Mr. Barker has translated many Italian songs, but none were better than this original production. It is in the form of a light Canzonette.
IF. Bb. 4. F to a. Pissuti. 35
"If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf."
Very charming suppositions, expressed in the most musical way.
Once. D major and minor. c to D. Hatton. 35
"Cool salt air, and the white waves breaking."
Well-imagined reminiscence of companionship by the sea-shore.

Instrumental.

- They all do it. Waltz. G. 3. Warren. 30
A melody, "the favorite of the hour," prettily arranged as a waltz.
International Rifle Match Waltzes. 3. Pratt. 75
Mr. Pratt has hit the mark in this graceful set, which both nationalities may dance to and welcome.
Marjolaine Waltzes. 3. Matra. 50
Melodies from an opera by Lecocq. Full as good (or better) in the instrumental as in vocal form.
Po Paul Polka. G. 2. Tar-Coen. 35
Introduces five pretty airs which belong to "Po Paul" chansonnettes. Very neat.
Telephone March. G. 2. Turner. 30
No one can turner new popular word into music quicker than the composer whose name is thus made free with. And no one can do it better.
Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. First movement. B minor. 5. Perabo. 80
Very fortunately, each part of a Symphony is complete in itself, and one can enjoy this, in spite of the absence of that other part that never will be made. Very conveniently arranged for players.
VIII Daily Studies, comprising the principal technical difficulties, in brief exercises. 4. Arthur Mee. 75

Mr. Mee modestly says that the ground to be covered by technical exercises is mostly occupied. He has however discovered eight vacant places, which he has very well filled with studies which will give a very perceptible quantity of finger-ache to those who practice them faithfully.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is noted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

